

## The Vacational Returns

New York, August 31.

The first crisp days of September find our avenue taking a new sprightliness, not that it is ever particularly dull or deserted, but there is a different spirit. Summer visitors have gone their various ways, and New Yorkers have returned, ready to take up city life again with its endless activities. The shops are showing the fall and winter fashions; the dressmaking establishments have lost their lazy calm, and delivery wagons are loading up and starting off on trips from shop to home with creations of furrier, tailor, modiste and shoemaker.

Soft, fluffy things do very well for warm days; one relaxes and is cool, happy, and delightfully feminine. But with the first days of fall, the tailored dress, or suit, is doomed with a feeling that is almost akin to relief; American women, especially, find the tailored suit or dress becoming and satisfying. There is a trimness of line and a feeling of being well dressed that lends her added dignity.

Strong rivals to the coat and skirt are the Princess frocks of serge, gabardine or whipcord; serge leads. While trim and straight, these do not follow exactly the lines of the Princess of some seasons back; they are usually belted, sometimes panelled and yoked. Belts play an important part this season. Few costumes but show them; on the Princess they are often merely half belts, that is, they extend from side front to side back, separated by a panel at front and back. This flat, smooth appearance in front and back is one of the new notions this season; all pleats and gathers are confined over the hips.

Many of the tailored coat suits have belts of patent or shiny motor leather. These are often ornamented harmoniously with applique designs of colored suede; the soft, dull harmony of the suede makes effective contrast and lends a distinctive touch to the suit. One sees, also, belts of the same material as suit or dress, piped sometimes with suede, patent leather, or a vivid color; the effect is smart and attractive. Buttons, too, lend their aid in bringing in the bright touch of contrast that is required this season in our smart dark costumes.



A Panel Princess.

There are some wonderfully attractive buttons of galath, mother of pearl rimmed with color, bright green, blue or rose, and numberless other novelties in form and coloring. On an imported suit of tweed displayed recently in one of our smart shops, I noticed some extremely smart buttons of woven leather, with loops of leath for the shanks; they blended beautifully with the dark brown mixture of the tweed and were really the chief attraction of the suit. These, however, are decided novelties and probably cannot be purchased separately as yet. Colored buttons are used sparingly; one or two at the closing of coat or blouse, or one or two on the girdle are sufficient.

The open throat for general wear is still a favorite and will probably hold its own until well into the winter. High collars, however, are being advocated by many of the leading dressmakers; not the perfectly straight choker or stock of a few

years back, necessarily, although these are smart and becoming to many, but a collar closed at the top and open to below the curve of the throat. These are called "A" collars and are far more youthful and becoming to most than the old time high collar. Many women prefer the high collar for street wear, with tailored suit and hat, and even if it does not become universal, it will share favor with the low, open collar during the winter season.

One of the innovations of the season is the colored blouse or separate waist with the tailored suit. This fad is probably the outcome of the little chemisettes of pink and blue that we have been wearing with the taffeta frock and serge dress. I saw a particularly attractive combination at one of the tea rooms the other afternoon; it was a blouse of pale rose colored crepe de Chine, a shade between coral and old rose, and was worn with a dark blue serge suit. This blouse was made with tucks at the shoulders to give fullness over the bust and was trimmed down the front with a graduated frill of the crepe; the blouse closed with round nickel buttons. Around the high choker collar was twisted a piece of black satin ribbon, above which, reaching almost to the chin, showed the points of a stiff white under collar. Another suit of beige colored serge had a blouse of creamy yellow crepe embroidered with old rose silk. This fad of the contrasting blouse is practical and becoming and should appeal to many.

### A REAL ROMANCE OF THE WAR

The story of a German woman's love for a British officer, and how she sacrificed her liberty in order to see him, was revealed before a court martial in Paris last week.

Fraulein Susan Pommerich, aged thirty-six, a governess, born at Dresden, appeared to answer a charge of being in the possession of false identification papers. The judges found her guilty on one count only, and sentenced her to four months' imprisonment, the exact period she has already been detained, but she must leave France and not return for ten years.

Fraulein Pommerich, a frail, pretty little woman, entered the dock in charge of two municipal guards. She answered the president's preliminary questions in a low voice, speaking French with an English accent. When told to sit down, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept softly.

It appeared that she had been governess in a family at Mitchelstown, Ireland, in 1906, and that she then made the acquaintance of a captain in the British army. The couple were very much in love with each other, and would have married but for the woman's nationality.

They parted, and Miss Pommerich came to Paris, became governess with a German family, and then joined a French family. After the outbreak of war, Miss Pommerich asked for a week's holiday, saying she was going to London, but instead of doing so,

she went to Havre and then to Rouen in search of her old sweetheart.

Unsuccessful in her quest, she went to Switzerland, and in the meantime her employers received an anonymous telegram accusing her of espionage. The police were informed, and she was arrested.

The principal evidence against her was a letter to the prisoner from the German officer, written since the beginning of the war, asking her to go to Fribourg and give further evidence concerning "B of B;" all expenses would be paid, said the German who, gave details of how the reply was to be sent to disarm suspicion.

There was a dramatic scene in court when she told her story about the British officer.

"I loved him," she said simply; "I love him now; I shall always love him. It is true that I have always passed myself off as an Englishwoman. I look upon England as my country. I hate Germany." As she said this she struck the rail with her clenched fist.

"I went to Rouen and Havre to try to find Captain—. I could not bear the thought that he might be killed at the war and I never see him again.

"I would rather be a spy for France in Germany than be a German spy in France."

Maitre Philippe addressed the court for the defense. Taking the evidence as one would take a bundle of sticks, he broke it piece by piece.

At the beginning of the trial the crowd in the court were swayed by the report read by the prosecuting counsel, and their voices rose like the hissing of an angry sea.

After Maitre Philippe had spoken and the court retired to consider its verdict, no one doubted what that would be. It was the lightest one possible.

Miss Pommerich will be removed to a concentration camp, but there is no more question of punishment for her.

### SPICE

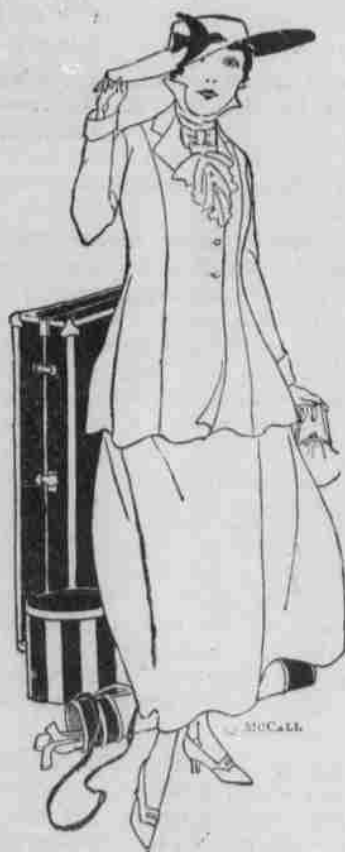
"Whisky, my friend, has killed more men than bullets." "That may be, sir, but bejabbers, I'd rather be full of whisky than bullets."—London Opinion.

Mr. Mudd—Now where the deuce is that carbureter? Mrs. Mud—Why, John, I heard you swearing at it, so I threw the horrid thing in the ditch. —Judge.

Katie—(very earnestly)—If you had never met me, darling, would you have loved me just the same? George (fervently)—Yes, dearie—more.—Cartoon.

"Most of the world's real literature was written by poor authors in their garrets." "Quite so! Homer, for example, wrote in the Attic."—Boston Transcript.

Apropos the Russian officer who, according to a recent official communique, "received in a very short space of time ten thousand bombs on his



Smart Suit Lines.